

# The Mirror

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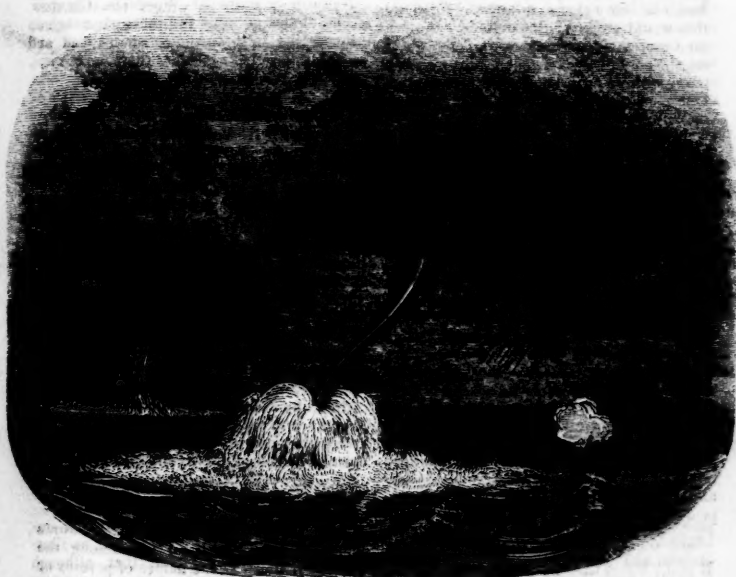
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE WATER-SPOUT.

## Original Communications.

### THE WATER-SPOUT.

THE water-spout is a strange meteor, which has attracted the attention, and been the subject of discussion, of men profound in science. It consists of a large mass of water in the form of a column, which moves with rapidity along the surface of the sea. It is supposed by some to have an electrical origin.

Dr. Franklin, in his "Physical and Meteorological Observations," states that it is his opinion that a water-spout and a whirlwind proceed from the same cause; the only

difference being that the latter passes over the land, the former over the water. This opinion is corroborated by M. de la Prime, in his "Philosophical Transactions," where he describes two spouts which he at different times observed in Yorkshire, whose appearances in the air were exactly like those of the spout at sea, and their effects the same as those of real whirlwinds. The following recitals, together with our engraving, may give an idea of this singular phenomenon:—

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[No. 1101.]

On the 6th of September, 1814, when Admiral Napier, then captain of the *Erne*, was sailing in the Atlantic Ocean, he suddenly perceived a water-spout a short distance from the vessel. In point of shape it resembled that of an enormous speaking trumpet, the mouth-end touching the sea, the other terminating in a dark cloud. The wind, which was variable, sometimes north, north-west, and west, was strong, and caused the spout to move rapidly over the surface of the water. At last it came within a short distance of the vessel, and stood still for several minutes. Near the inferior extremity of the cylinder, the sea was covered with foam, while the water was shot up to a great height, terminating, apparently, in a body of smoke. At this moment the wind was alternately blowing from all points of the horizon; and the immense column of water inclined first to this side, then to that, according to the manner it was struck by the wind. After the lapse of a few minutes, it began to advance from south to north, in an opposite direction to that of the wind, but always approaching the ship. Captain Napier, on observing that it was within cannon-shot, fired upon it, the effect of which divided the column in two, and the fragments floated about like drapery agitated by opposite winds. A few minutes afterwards they again united, then both disappeared, while torrents of rain fell from the dark cloud which surmounted the meteor. Notwithstanding the quantity of salt water which was shot up into the air, that which fell upon the ship was perfectly fresh. During the phenomenon there was neither thunder nor lightning. Shortly after the disappearance of this water-spout, two others appeared, more to the south, but they soon vanished.

Mr. Forster, in his "Voyage round the World," states that he saw several on the coast of New Zealand, one of which he particularly describes:—The water, in a space of forty or fifty fathoms, moved towards the centre, then rising into vapour by the force of whirling motion, and ascending in a spiral form towards the clouds. Directly over the whirlpool, or agitated spot in the sea, a cloud gradually tapered into a long slender tube, which seemed to descend to meet the rising spiral, and soon united with it into a straight column of a cylindrical form. The water was hurled upwards with the greatest violence in a spiral form, and appeared to have a hollow space in the centre, so that the water seemed to form a hollow tube instead of a solid column; and that this was the case was rendered still more probable by the colour, which was exactly like that of any hollow glass tube. After some time, the column incurvated and broke; and the appearance

of a flash of lightning, which attended its disjunction, as well as the hailstones which fell at the time, seemed plainly to indicate that water-spouts either owe their formation to electric matter, or at least that they have some connexion with it.

Several of our navigators have observed the formation of the water-spout. From a cloud remarkable for its opaqueness, they at first perceived a round projection, which descended gradually, like an immense stalactite conique. As soon as the cone reached the sea, the latter suddenly boiled up, and shot forth its waters towards the clouds. In day-time, lightning has been seen to escape from water-spouts, and at night to appear like luminous columns, which seemed to support the heavens.

Woe to the small vessels that should by chance be found within the influence of the water-spout. Fishermen's boats have been known to be thrown up into the air to a considerable height, and on falling, shot up again with the same violence.

Upon land, these meteors commit ravages still more frightful in their nature. It was a whirlwind that caused so much harm to the inhabitants of the village of Chateau (Seine-et-Oise) on the 18th of June, 1839. Trees uprooted and carried to a prodigious height, walls overturned, tiles, roofs, and even houses themselves carried away, are the ordinary results of these terrible meteors, which are generally accompanied by wind and rain, thunder and lightning.

In Pliny's time the seamen used to pour vinegar into the sea, to assuage and lay the spout when it approached them; our modern seamen discharge their cannons at it.

### CELTIC PHILOLOGY.

OUT of many hundred vernacular words which were in common use among the ancient Britons, as the names of persons or places, it may be presumed that a glossary of the following few would be interesting to the English reader.

*Aber*—the embouchure of a river into the sea, or into another river. Hence, Aberystwyth, the place where the Ystwyth enters the Irish Channel; Aberayron, Aber-tivy (Cardigan), where the Ayron and Tivy respectively disembogue themselves into the ocean; and so for all other places in Wales or Scotland the appellatives of which are compounded with *Aber*.

*Llan*—the ancient British word for a church. Hence *Llan-bedr* (Lampeter), Peter's Church; *Llan-ddewi*, David's Church, for Dewi is the British word for David; and so on for all other places the appellatives of which are compounded with *Llan*. The term employed for church by the modern Welsh is *eglwys*, which is a barbarous corruption of the Greek *εκκλησια*.

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*Cuer*—a castle, corresponding to the English word Chester. Hence *Caerfyrddin* (Caermarthen), *Myrddin's Castle*; *Caerloyw* (Gloucester), which the ancient Saxons spelt *Gloywechester*; and so on for all other towns the appellatives of which are compounded with *Cuer*.

*Tref*, or *Tre*—a town, a prefix in the names of places, corresponding to the English affix, *ton*. Hence *Tregaron*, *Trelech*, *Trefilan*, &c. This prefix is still retained in many Cornish names, both of persons and places. *Pentref* is the term for a village, and signifies literally, the head of the town, or more exactly perhaps corresponds to the Greek word *ακροπολις*; for *pen* means a head or a summit. From this last word we have the derivation of the English word *captain*, which is a corruption of the British word *cadpen*, the head of the battle, for *cad* means a battle. This word *cad* is recognised in the Latin *Caterva*, which is a corruption of the British word *cad-tyrfa*, the multitude for the battle, for *tyrfa* is the origin of the Latin *turba*, a multitude. The French *capitaine*, and the Italian *capitano*, would imply only a head, but not the head of the battle.

*Glendower*—a corruption of the word *glandwr*, which literally means *by or near the water*. Hence some people who are called *Glandwr* in Wales have called themselves *Bywater* in England. The *w* in this, as in all other Welsh words, is pronounced like the Italian *u*, French *ou*, or the English *oo*. The word *dwr* is an abbreviation of *dufr*, where the *f* has the sound of the English *v*; and this term is recognised in *Douvre*, the name by which Dover is known by the French. The prefix *glan* is employed in a multitude of names denoting places near the sea or a river. *Glandwr* is sometimes written *glyndwr*; but this is from ignorance. The noun *glyn* has the meaning of the English *glen*, which is derived from it.

*Cymru*—the vernacular name of Wales, which is recognised in *Cumberland* in England, *Cambray* in France, *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, the ancient name of Denmark, &c. The inhabitants call themselves *Cymry*, and are descended from the *Cimbri* of the Romans, and the *χυμριοι* of the Greeks. The word *Wales* is a Saxon barbarism, derived from *Walla*, which is a corruption of *Gallia*. It is observable that the French to this day call Wales *Fays de Galles*, and that the old Germans in the north of Switzerland call France *Welschland*, and the inhabitants *Welsch*. The word *Gallia* is of Roman manufacture, derived probably from the Celtic *Gelli*, which signifies a country abounding with woods and glens, and which to this day is applied to many places of that description in the principality of Wales.

*Buddugoliaeth*—victory; *buddugol*—vic-

torious; *buddug*—victrix, or she who conquers. This last was the real name of Boadicea, the noble British queen that led her brave but naked troops so gallantly against the Roman legions. We observe, then, that our gracious Queen Victoria is not the first sovereign of that name that has swayed the destinies of Great Britain. She is, in fact, not Victoria the First, but Boadicea the Second. DRUID.

## ON USEFUL INSECTS AND THEIR PRODUCTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 127.)

THE bushmen of the Orange River subsist in great measure upon ants and locusts. Piso says, that in Brazil the abdomens of yellow ants, called *cupia*, are eaten by many persons; and also a large species, under the name of *Tama-joura*.\* This statement is confirmed by the illustrious traveller Humboldt, who says that the Maravitanos and Margueritaries mix ants with resin, and so eat them as a sauce. Naturalists and chemists are well aware that ants secrete a pleasant kind of vinegar, or a peculiar acid, called formic acid. Consett says, that in some parts of Sweden, ants are distilled along with rye, to give a flavour to the inferior kinds of brandy; and he mentions a young Swede who sat down with avidity to make a repast at an ant's nest.† Speaking from their own experience, Kirby and Spence declare that, instead of ants having any unpleasant flavour, they are very agreeably acid, and that the trunks of their bodies have a different taste to that of their abdomens.

A certain species of ant (*Formica bispinosa*, Olivier; *F. fungosa*, F.) collects from the Bombax and silk-cotton tree a kind of lint, which, as a styptic or stancher of blood, is preferable to the puff ball (*Lycoperdon*.) At Cayenne this lint is taken from the ants, and successfully used to stop even the most violent hæmorrhages. Some traveller, whose name, and that of the country of which he speaks, I have unfortunately omitted to insert in my extract, says—"We do not here see the melancholy appearances of idiocy which are so frequently combined in Europe endemically with the *goutte*; yet the look of the persons who have the disorder in a high degree is not merely drowsiness and want of energy, but even stupidity, in the strict sense of the expression. It is customary to apply, at the commencement of the disease, poultices of warm gourds, the patient at the same time drink-

\* Piso *Ind.*, lib. v. c. 13, p. 291.

† Consett's *Travels in Sweden* (1789), p. 118.

ing water which has stood for several days upon the pounded mass of large ant-hills. The component parts of the ant-hills, which are from five to six feet high, in the construction of which the insects make use of a peculiar animal slime as a cement, certainly seems capable of counteracting the causes which produce the *goitre*. Perhaps, too, the acid of ants may have a beneficial influence on the relaxed nerves of the patient, as well as on the debility of the lymphatic system."

In America it is not uncommon for a nest of hornets to be suspended in the parlours, that they may destroy the smaller flying insects, which are very troublesome to the inhabitants. Reaumur says that the French butchers are glad to have wasps about their stalls, for the purpose of driving away the blow-flies. Wasps are probably more useful than otherwise, for in our own country it is plain that they destroy great numbers of noxious flies and moths.

The reader would hardly conceive that any person, sane or insane, would be so daring as to collect living wasps and bees, for the purpose of food: but Gilbert White relates, that in the village of Selborne he was acquainted with a poor idiot boy, who, from a child, shewed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. As such persons have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them in his naked hand, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very bee-bird, or *Merops apiaster*; and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. When he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. He was lean and sallow, of a cadaverous complexion, and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonder-

fully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding.\* Knox informs us that bees are eaten in Ceylon.†

(To be continued.)

\* White's *Natural History of Selborne* (Jardine's edition, 1829, p. 237.)

† Knox's *Ceylon*, p. 25.

#### MODE OF LIFE, DRESS, AND CUSTOMS OF THE FINLANDERS.

ON visiting Finland, the stranger finds no difficulty in securing a bed; and should he have the precaution to carry a few conveniences with him, he will find himself tolerably well accommodated. The people are exceedingly hospitable, and offer to the traveller, with an open heart, the food, humble though it be, which they possess. Milk, salt herrings, and, at times, salt meat, is the fare of the peasant. Contrasting them with those who visit Finland, they may be considered poor, but in relation to themselves they are rich, being supplied with everything that, in their opinion, constitutes good living. They are a very economical people; and should they, by their industry, have more money than immediate use requires, they either lay it up for some unforeseen emergency, or convert it into a vase, or some other domestic utensil. It has often surprised the stranger, when, on visiting the humble cottage of a Finland peasant, water or milk was brought to him in a silver vessel, of the value of fifty or sixty rix dollars.

The costume of the inhabitants of Finland has undergone a great change of late years, and has no resemblance to what it formerly was. On the borders of Forno, and even in the interior of Finland, the peasant, on Sundays, wears trowsers and vests similar to those worn by the peasants of France; and the females have their linen caps and silk bonnets for that day. When at home, the males remain in their shirt-sleeves, without a coat, and with but one single waistcoat, and are generally occupied in cutting fagots, mending nets, or constructing sledges, while the women busy themselves in teasing or spinning wool for clothing.

The males are remarkable for their mildness, patience, and resignation; and the women have, to a high degree, the same character. The latter are rather of a poetical turn of mind; for at each of the *fêtes*, or assemblies, they compose, extemporaneously, songs, which, if copied, would form a very interesting collection. The good fortune of being loved, or that of being a mother, excites their poetical faculties, and inspires them with feelings of sentiment. The mother seldom or ever leaves her child alone in the cradle: for when she is obliged to work in the fields, she carries it with her;

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when she goes to church on Sunday, the child is also there; or when, in winter, she undertakes an excursion of twenty or thirty miles, to see one of her relations, she has it suspended, as is represented in the annexed engraving, to her side, in a cradle,

all the way, and lulls it to sleep by her songs, which she herself composes. The following was penned as a poor female peasant repeated it to her child, and which may give an idea of this *haive* poetry, so general in Finland:—



"Sleep on, little bird of the grove! sleep softly, pretty red-breast! God, in time, will wake you from your slumbers. He has given you branches to rest upon, and leaves to screen you from the cold blasts. Sleep is at the door, and asks, in a mellow-toned voice,—'Is there not a sweet child here, who is lying in its cradle, and is desirous of sleeping—a little child, enveloped in white garments—whose mild countenance speaks of the repose of heaven.'"

Acebi, in his "Travels through Finland," says:—

"We met at Mamola an old blind man, having his fiddle under his arm, surrounded by a crowd of boys and girls. There was

something respectable in his appearance; his forehead was bald, and a long beard, which was white as snow, covered his breast. He had the look of those bards who are described with so much enthusiasm in the history of the North, not one of whom, probably, was equal to this poor man in science or intelligence. His audience were not gathered round him for nothing; he sang verses, and related to them tales and anecdotes. On our approaching him, the poor mendicant asked us, in bad Swedish, for charity. We could not refuse him, however, as I held out my hand, I blushed: on looking at the manly and noble countenance of the pauper."

## Le Feuilletou of French Literature.

## "THE RHINE."

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

## LETTER V.

GIVET.

August 1.

THIS is an exceedingly pretty town, situated on the Meuse, which separates Great from Little Givet, and is headed by a ridge of rocks, at the summit of which is the Fort of Charlemont. The *auberge*, called the Hotel of the Golden Mount, is very comfortable, and travellers may there find refreshments, though not the most exquisite, yet palatable to the hungry, and a bed, though not the softest in the world, yet highly acceptable to the weary.

The steeple of Little Givet is of simple construction, that of Great Givet is more complicated and more *recherché*. These evidently were the inventor's plans: the worthy architect took a priest's square cap, on which he placed, bottom upwards, a large plate, on this a sugar-loaf, and on the loaf a bottle, in the neck of which he thrust a steel spike, and on the spike placed a cock, intended to tell which wind was the strongest. This artist must have been of Flemish extraction.

Givet presents a pleasing aspect in the evening and at mid-day. When I viewed it, night had begun to cast its mantle over the *contour* of this singularly built steeple; smoke was still discernible hovering about the roofs of the houses; at my left, the elms were rustling softly in the gale of twilight; to my right, an ancient tower was reflected in the bosom of the Meuse; further on, at the foot of the redoubtable rock of Charlemont, I descried, like a white line, a long edifice, which I found to be nothing more than an uninhabited country-house; above the town, the towers and steeples, an immense ridge of rocks hid the horizon from my view; and in the distance, in a clear green sky, the half-moon appeared, with so much purity—with so much of heaven in it—that I imagined that God had exposed to our view part of his nuptial ring, testifying his wedded affection to man.

In the afternoon, I made up my mind to visit the venerable tower of Little Givet. Arrived, not without trouble, at the foot of the tower, which is dwindling into ruin, I found a large door, secured by a huge padlock. I knocked, shouted—but no one answered; and at last descended as I had come up. In turning round by the ruins, I discovered, among the rubbish which is daily

crumbling into dust and falling into the stream, a large stone, on which were the vestiges of an inscription; I examined them attentively, but could only make out the following letters:—

"LOQVE . . . SA . L . OMBRE  
PARAS . . . MODI . SI .  
ACAV . P . . . SOTROS."

Above these letters, which seem to have been scratched with a nail, the signature, "JOSE GUTIEREZ, 1643," remained entire. I had always a taste for inscriptions, and I assure you this one interested me much. What did it signify?—in what language was it written? By making some allowance for orthography, one might imagine that it was French; but, on considering that the words *para* and *otros* were Spanish, I concluded that this inscription must have been written in Castilian. After some reflection, I imagined that these were the original words:—

"LO QUE EMPESA AL HOMBRE  
PARA SIMISMO DIOS LE  
ACAVA PARA LOS OTROS."

—"What man begins for himself, God finishes for others."

But who was this Gutierrez? The stone had evidently been taken from the interior of the tower. It was in 1643 that the battle of Rocroy was fought. Was Jose Gutierrez, then, one of the vanquished? had he been taken prisoner and shut up in the tower? and had he, to while away the long and tiresome days, written on the wall of his dungeon the melancholy *resumé* of his life and of that of all mankind—

"Ce que l'homme commence pour lui, Dieu l'achève pour les autres?"

At five o'clock next morning, I left *La France* by the route of Namur, comfortably seated on the *banquette* of the diligence Van Gend. We proceeded by the Belgian mountains, the only mountains of which that country can boast; for the Meuse, by continuing to flow in opposition to the *abaissement* of the *plateau* of Ardennes, succeeded in forming a plain which is now called Flanders—a plain that man has studded with fortresses, nature having refused it mountains for its protection.

What can a person do on the outside of a coach but gaze at all that comes within his view; I could not be better situated for such a purpose. Before me, was the greater portion of the valley of the Meuse; to the south, the two Givets, graciously linked by their bridge; to the west, the tower of Egmont, half in ruins, which was casting behind it an immense shadow; to the north, the sombre trenches into which the Meuse was emptying itself, and from whence a light blue vapour was arising. On turning my head, my eyes fell upon a handsome peasant girl, who was sitting by the open window of a cottage, dressing herself;



and above the hut of the *paysanne*, but almost lost to view, the formidable batteries of Charlemont crowned by the frontiers of France.

Whilst I was contemplating this *coup d'œil*, the peasant girl lifted her eyes, perceived me, smiled, saluted me graciously, and, without shutting the window or appearing disconcerted, continued her toilette.

## LETTER VI.

## THE BANKS OF THE MEUSE—DINANT—NAMUR.

*Liège, August 3.*

I HAVE just arrived at Liège. The route from Givet, following the course of the Meuse, is very picturesque. It is singular that so little has been said of the banks of this river, for they are truly beautiful and romantic.

After passing the *cabaret* of the peasant girl, the road is full of windings, and leads through a forest interspersed with ravines and torrents; the base of a huge rock then meets the eye, a frightful precipice, about two or three hundred feet in depth. At the bottom of this precipice the Meuse is seen meandering peacefully along, and on the banks of the river a castle, which has the appearance of a *pâtisserie maniérée*. Nothing is more ridiculous than this petty work of man, surrounded by the sublimity of nature—the wonderful works of God.

About a quarter of a league further on, the road becomes very steep, and leads to the river. The Meuse here is straight, green in appearance, and runs to the left, with both sides thickly set with trees. A bridge is seen; and a river, small, but beautiful, empties itself into the Meuse. It is the Lesse.

On turning the road, a huge pyramidal rock, sharpened like the *flèche* of a cathedral, suddenly appears. The *conducteur* told me that it was the *Roche à Bazard*. The road passes between the mountain and this colossal *borne*, then turns again, and at the foot of an enormous block of granite, crowned with a citadel, a long street of old houses meets the eye. It is Dinant.

We stopped here about a quarter of an hour, sufficient time to observe a little garden in the diligence-yard, which suffices to warn the traveller that he is in Flanders. The flowers in it are very pretty, in the midst of which are two painted statues; the one represents a woman, or rather a mannequin, for it is clothed in an Indian gown, with an old silk hat. On approaching, an indistinct noise strikes the ear, and a strange spurting of water is perceived under her dress. We then discover that this female is a fountain.

After leaving Dinant, the valley extends, and the Meuse gradually widens. On the

right hand of the river the ruins of two ancient castles present themselves; the rocks are now only to be seen here and there under a rich covering of verdure; and a *housse* of green *velours* bordered with flowers, covers the face of the country.

On this side are hop-fields, orchards, and trees burdened with fruit; on that the laden vine is ever appearing, amongst whose leaves the feathery tribe are joyously revelling. Here the cackling of ducks is heard, there the chuckling of hens. Young girls, their arms naked to the shoulder, are seen laughingly walking along with loaded baskets on their heads; and from time to time a village churchyard meets the eye, contrasting strangely with the neighbouring road, so full of joy, of beauty, and of life.

In one of those churchyards, whose dilapidated walls leave exposed to the view the tombstones,—the tall grass, green and blooming, mocking, as it were, the once vain mortal that moulders beneath,—I read the following inscription:—

“O FIE, DEFUNCTIS MISERIS SUCCURRE VIATOR!”

No *memento* ever had such an effect upon me as this. Ordinarily, the dead warn—here they supplicate.

After passing a hill, where the rocks, sculptured by the rain, resemble the half-worn and blackened stones of the old fountain of Luxembourg, we begin to perceive our near approach to Namur. Gentlemen's country seats begin to mix with the abodes of peasants, and the villa is no sooner passed than we come to a village.

The diligence stopped at one of these places, where I had on one side a garden well ornamented with colonnades and Ionic temples; on the other, a *cabaret*, at the door of which a number of men and women were drinking; and to the right, upon a pedestal of white marble, veined by the shadows of the branches, Venus de Medicis, half-hid among leaves, as if ashamed of being seen in a state of nakedness by a group of peasants.

About an hour afterwards we arrived at Namur, which is situated near the junction of the Sombre and the Meuse. The women are pretty and handsome, and the men have something pleasing and affable in the cast of their countenance. As to the town itself, there is nothing remarkable in it; nor has it anything in its general appearance which speaks of the antiquity of the city. There are no monuments, no architecture, no edifices worthy of notice; in fact, Namur can boast of nothing but mean-looking churches and fountains of the *mauvais goût* of Louis XV. The town is crowned, gloomily and sadly, by the citadel. However, I must say that I looked upon these fortifications with a feeling of respect, for they had once the

honour of being attacked by Vauban and defended by Cohorn.

Wherever there are no churches I always amuse myself by reading the signs; for the names of the *bourgeois*, almost as important to study as those of the nobility, appear above the doors in their most *naïve* form.

These three names, taken almost at random from the shops at Namur, have in them separate significations — *L'Epouse, Debarsy, Negociante*. In reading these we feel assured that we are in a town which belonged to the French to-day, to the foreigner to-morrow, and next day again to the French; a town where the language has changed, and become insensibly *dénaturé*—French words, linked, with German awkwardness, into phrases. *Crucifex Piret, mercier*—this speaks of the Catholic religion of Flanders; for there is not such a name, in all France. *Menendez-Wodon, horloger*—a Castilian and a Flemish name joined by a hyphen. Is not this the domination of Spain over the Pays-Bas, written, attested and related in a proper name? Thus these three express the general features of the country: the first tells the language; the second, the religion; and the last, the history.

(To be continued.)

### Miscellaneous.

#### FINE APPROACH TO COPENHAGEN.

OUR sail for the last two hours was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The impressions were so new and lively that none of us can forget the excitement of the scene. All were struck by beauties of which they had previously heard so little; and all acknowledged that the first appearance of Copenhagen is among the finest in the world. Only one or two of the capitals of Europe make so gallant a show on approaching them. The Danish capital in fact is a complete triumph of art and taste; it is beautiful in spite of its position, which is perhaps the worst imaginable, yet with such admirable skill are its buildings grouped, that it looks finer than some cities which enjoy the advantage of magnificent situations. Nature has here done little, man a great deal. In the city itself, towers, some light, some massive; in the basins, masts tapering and graceful; on the heights behind, trees of great size and beauty; and along the flat shore, dense masses of foliage already in summer splendour: such at first are the only objects standing out from the huge piles of building, till ere long these masses break down into palaces, churches, and fortresses. By and by we distinguish, in front, ramparts

and moles, stretching far out into the sea; while new life is added to the scene, by the many ships from every country waiting in the roadstead for a favourable breeze to get up the Baltic, or swiftly shooting on for the Sound. Elsinore, too, with literary recollections endearing it to every Englishman, is in sight. The more distant coast of Sweden, with the houses of Malmö, are sparkling in the setting sun. While here before us, just as we enter, the noble file of ships lined out from the harbour, as if to grace our arrival, the little landing-place and rampart-walk are covered with thousands of holiday idlers come to witness the entrance of the steamer—and a fine display they make, all in their gayest attire.

But, stranger! if a Briton, look around for a moment ere you enter. Your heart must be strangely attuned if no chord is awakened here—for the waves you are crossing were once dyed with the blood of your gallant countrymen! On this very spot fought "Nelson and the North" for

"— the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown;  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone."

—Excursions in Denmark, &c.

### THE SNOW STORM\*.

A TALE FOR FEBRUARY.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

(From Ainsworth's Magazine.)

"Wide o'er the plains and distant woods

I see the pall of darkness flow;

And all around, in mighty folds,

The winding-sheet of new-fall'n snow."

ANN RADCLIFFE.

"Hark! the rushing snow, whose mass,  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flake after flake!"—SHELLEY.

"Don't go to market to-day, mother—pray don't! Look at the sky! it's as black as a coal! and the wind's enough to blow you off the horse—I'm sure there's a great fall of snow coming. Never mind the market. Don't go, mother!—you'll be frozen to death. Don't go!"

These words were addressed, one morning in February, by a girl about sixteen years of age, to her parent, a widow, who rented a small farm a few miles from Wells, in Somersetshire, and whose means for the subsistence of herself and family were derived chiefly from the sale of dairy produce at the market town. Hearing this appeal from her daughter, the good woman, who had wrapped herself up in her travelling dress, and drawn the hood of her warm,

\* Founded on the accident which happened, in the winter of 1799, to Elizabeth Woodcock. The principal circumstance, marvellous as it may appear, is perfectly well authenticated.



red cloak over her head, seemed irresolute whether to proceed or stay at home. At length, however, she said—

"No, Agnes, I *must* go. The panniers are packed; old Tartar, ready saddled, stands at the door: besides, Sir Richard's steward will be here to-morrow for the quarter's rent. You know what he said the last time he called. I *must* go, dear Agnes; the steward is more to be feared than the weather."

The poor girl said no more; but she looked beseechingly into her mother's face.

It was not alone by Agnes that a dismal apprehension, induced by the lowering and menacing state of the sky, was felt. Another of the widow's children, a youth, two years younger than his sister, was equally anxious. At the moment we have just indicated, he was holding Tartar in the yard, ready to assist his mother into the saddle. As the house-door stood open, he heard what had passed between Agnes and their parent. Casting an eager glance up to the dim and leaden sky, and listening to the rush of the savage wind, his fear became confirmed; though, after the determination his mother had expressed, he did not like to add his dissuasions to those of his sister.

The widow came forth. "We have a weary journey to go to-day, Tartar," said she, patting the horse's neck; "but you and I are old acquaintance, and we shall do well enough. Now, Stephen," she added, as she stood on the mounting-block, "see that his girth is right, and the panniers well poised. All safe, eh? Give me the bridle."

"Mother," said the youth, "I'm not going to persuade you not to go, after what you've just said; but I don't like the look of the weather, any more than Agnes does. Let me go with you. I can walk as fast as Tartar, now that he is loaded; and when we come back, and have left the goods behind us, he'll carry double well enough. It isn't easy for one person to manage a horse in a snow-drift. Horses are apt to get frightened if they don't feel the ground firm under their feet. If that should be the case, what could you, by yourself, do with old Tartar?"

"Thank you, my dear," replied the widow; "you are always thoughtful for your mother; and I am not the less pleased with what you have offered, because I do not accept it. You and Agnes reckon too much on the chances of a storm. I have seen many worse mornings than this pass off harmlessly enough;—then, you can't be spared from home. Agnes must be busy in the dairy, and you will find enough to do about the farm."

So saying, Mrs. Thorpe gave the word to Tartar, who trotted off slowly and reluctantly, as if he, too, did not relish the freez-

ing air, and the unnatural twilight which brooded around. A few gentle applications of his mistress's whip quickened his pace; and in a minute or two both horse and rider were lost to the view of Stephen and his sister, as they stood at the farm-house gate. The road along which Mrs. Thorpe had to pass in her way to Wells was, unfortunately, a very exposed one; and our good woman felt benumbed by an icy blast that drove remorselessly from the north-east across the country. Still no snow fell; and pressing her cloak closely about her, she rode onwards with a cheerful heart, pleased in the reflection that, spite of wind and weather, she had not neglected to exert herself for her family. Equally desirous with his mistress to get to the end of the journey, old Tartar put his best foot foremost, and in little more than an hour and a half reached Wells. Having seen her horse comfortably stalled in the stable of the Angel and Crown, Mrs. Thorpe stationed herself, with her farm-house dainties, under the market roof. Here she soon found abundant customers; for not only was the produce of her dairy in high esteem by the townsfolk, but the market on that day afforded little choice, few of the country dealers having been hardy enough to face the biting and threatening weather. Our widow, therefore, disposed of her commodities to the best possible advantage; and, with purse well filled and thankful heart, prepared, about four o'clock in the afternoon, for return homewards. Meanwhile the state of the atmosphere grew worse and worse. A grey and livid mist filled the air, bringing on premature darkness. The wan rime hung on every object out of doors; while the wind, as if some heavy mass of congealed vapour hovered above, and checked the gusts in their free course through the upper sky, moaned and shrieked in melancholy clamour.

"This is a wild kind of evening, Mrs. Thorpe," said the landlady of the Angel and Crown, as our widow directed that her horse might be got ready for her. "The young ones, when they consider the weather, wont expect you home to-night: you'd better stay where you are till morning. It's a nasty road to your village, and I never saw so dreary an afternoon. Come into the bar; sit down by the fireside, and let me make up a bed for you."

"Thank you," returned the widow; "but when I left the farm this morning, my children were fearing all manner of things about the weather, and they would be terrified to death should I not return. Thank you for your kindness; but I feel strong, and in good spirits, and *must* be with the children to-night."

Bidding farewell to the landlady, she seated herself on Tartar's back and departed

on her return to the farm. Mrs. Thorpe had scarcely cleared the town before the white shower, which had been breeding all day, fell pitilessly, blinding, with its thick and heavy flakes, what little light was left. No object was visible, except the solid spires of the old cathedral, standing in "the grim evening sky," like a gray and ghostly vision; and even these soon vanished, becoming as nothing in the dense and snow-laden air. Should she return, and accept the hospitality of the Angel and Crown? No!—in proportion to the dismal character of the evening was the necessity of quieting, by her presence, her children's apprehensions. The good woman, accordingly, spoke a few words of encouragement to old Tartar, and urged him to his best speed.

Night came on; and the young watchers in the farm became more and more alarmed for the safety of their parent. Even the little ones (for there were two younger than Stephen and Agnes) begged not to be sent to bed till their mother should return home; and so they sat, hour after hour, listening to the wild blast, and almost fearing to speak, lest each, by communicating to the other his or her fear, should strengthen the already intolerable agony that weighed on all. Often did Stephen go out of doors and gaze into the storm, and return to the trembling party with a face that seemed to have caught its whiteness from the deep snow which buried the earth.

"Light a lantern, Agnes, while I get my great coat and hat. I cannot sit here any longer," said Stephen. "I will go out, and seek my mother."

"How will you be able to walk in the deep snow, dear brother?" asked Agnes. "You can do no good in such a night. Perhaps," continued she, as a sudden thought struck her—"perhaps mother is staying at Wells, on account of the weather, and we are all alarming ourselves without reason."

"No, no!" ejaculated the youth. "She would not stay, after all that passed this morning—I know her brave heart too well for that; besides, it did not snow at the time she would be starting for home. Do not stop me! she must not perish, while I have strength to try and save her."

"Get some one, then, to go with you, dear Stephen," said the girl.

"Alas, Agnes!" replied her brother, "you forget that it is near midnight, and that our few neighbours have been some hours a-bed and asleep. Give me the lantern!—nothing on earth shall prevent my going forth."

Though this determination of her brother increased the terror of Agnes, she felt that any attempt to dissuade him from so pious an errand would be not only futile as regarded himself, but might look like want

of affection for her mother. With a heavy sigh, she wrapped her shawl around Stephen's throat, kissed him, placed the lantern in his hand, and the youth sallied out into the dismal night. About the house and in the narrow and enclosed village lane the snow was very deep, though its direct descent was diverted by the fury of the blast, which whirled the flakes into the eddies before they touched the ground, and rendered the wayfarer's progress difficult and uncertain. Nevertheless, guided by his lantern, Stephen pushed on; and, gaining the open road, which was not bounded by hedges, found a firmer footing, as the snow had drifted off into the hollows of the adjacent fields and into the ditches at his side. But whither should he direct his course?—How, in the blackness of the night, rendered tenfold more perplexing by the blinding flakes, was he to seek his lost mother? Heedless of the difficulties that beset him, he plodded onwards. The ceaseless wind tore up the snow that lay in his path, heaping it, here and there, into masses, through which it was fearfully toilsome and numbing to struggle. His lantern, however, did the youth some service; and the thought of his mother nerved him to press resolutely on his way. Ever and anon, when the blast was for a moment lulled, he shouted in the dreary and savage night-solitude; but no other sound than that of his own voice, except the rush of the drifts and the howling gusts, met his ear.

Having passed two or three miles in this perilous excursion, he reached a more sheltered spot; this, however, instead of comforting him, only increased his difficulty, as the snow had here accumulated in so high a mound, as to forbid any further progress. Stephen could not choose but halt; though in so doing he again threw out his voice upon the wind, in the trembling hope that his mother might hear him. With a steady fixture of his feet, and a firm arm, though his heart fainted, he held his lantern aloft as a signal, poor fellow! not thinking that its feeble gleam could not, in so thick an atmosphere, be discerned many paces from where he was stationed.

As he stood thus, bearing the light over his head, like a statue in the snowy waste, he desisted, at a short distance from him, a large dark figure looming through the obscurity. In another moment, he was convinced that the object, though indistinctly seen, was a horse; which, having gained the more open road, where a better footing was afforded, speedily vanished from his sight. This, he felt certain, could be no other than Tartar.

"Mother! mother!" shouted he in a convulsive voice. "Speak!—'tis I, Stephen, your son. Speak, dear mother!"

There was no response, though he list-

ened till the muffled sound of the horse's hoofs died on his ear.

"It must have been Tartar," said he to himself; "and she might have been upon his back; the hood over her ears and eyes would have prevented her from either hearing my voice or seeing the light. In this blessed hope, I'll return home."

The getting back was, however, more difficult than his onward path had been; for the fierce wind now blew directly in his face, driving the snow flakes against his eyes. To increase the desolation by which he was surrounded, his light, now low in the socket, was extinguished, and all traces of the road were obliterated. Still, keeping up his presence of mind, and walking with slow and wary paces, he suffered not himself to be bewildered, and at length gained the enclosed lane leading to the farm. His knock at the door was quickly answered by Agnes, who was sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter?" gasped he, as he staggered into the house. "I have seen Tartar. Is he come back?"

"Yes!" feebly ejaculated Agnes.

"And mother with him?"

"He came alone!" shrieked the girl, with a look of despair.

"Then she has perished!" exclaimed Stephen, falling like one dead on the floor.

We left Mrs. Thorpe plodding homewards, and encouraging her horse to be steady in the snow-storm. With great toil and not a few mishaps she arrived at a narrow part of the road, not very far from the spot which Stephen had reached, and where he had seen Tartar. Here the animal, perceiving the formidable obstacle before him, backed, and could not be urged on. He grew more and more restive; and the widow fearing, by his skittish movements from side to side, that he would lose his footing in one of the ditches that lined the road, dismounted, intending to lead him home. Tartar was now, however, beyond control. He started violently, and broke from his mistress, who, nothing daunted, attempted to regain the bridle. Wild as he was, the beast did not lose his instinct; he knew that the open ground was less encumbered with snow than the hedge-bordered road. Seeing a low gate at hand, he suddenly leaped it, and gained the common. Still Mrs. Thorpe retained her self-possession, and followed the horse, determined, if possible, to recapture him. In this endeavour she lost one of her shoes in the snow, and was so weary with the exertions she had already made, that her pursuit of Tartar was greatly impeded. Nevertheless, even under these discouraging circumstances, she persisted; and having followed him about half a mile, came up with the animal, regained the bridle, and made another attempt to lead him home.

Poor soul! her energies, untiring as they had been, were now near exhaustion. Almost frozen to death by the stern inclemency, covered with snow, desperately fatigued, and suffering intolerable pain in the foot which was without a shoe, nature gave way, and she was unable to proceed. Her fingers, too, were so benumbed that she could no longer maintain her grasp of the bridle. Sinking down on the ground in this state, "Tartar," said she, "I am too faint to go any further; you must go home without me. Lord have mercy upon me! what will become of me?" Having uttered these words, she swooned.

"The ground whereon she sat," says a writer familiar with the locality, "was upon a level with the common field, close under a thicket on the south-west. She well knew its situation, and its distance from her own house. Only a small quantity of snow, at the time she fainted, had drifted near her; but it accumulated so rapidly that she was soon completely hemmed in by it. The depth of snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet in a perpendicular direction, and over her head between two and three."

When the cave had thus formed itself around her, and not till then, she recovered from her trance, and became fully aware of the horror of her situation. She tried to extricate herself, but her feebleness was too extreme to permit any effectual exertion, not to mention that her garments were so stiffened by the frost as to render the least movement almost impossible. With rare and more than manly constancy, she still kept up her heart; and resigning herself to the necessity of her situation, sat waiting for the dawn. At sunrise on the following morning, the air, disencumbered of the load that had oppressed it the preceding day, became clear and bright; the wind, too, was tired of raving, and all around was serene. Intense coldness, however, still prevailed; and the snow, to use the great poet's words, was "baked with frost." It had hardened itself about her into a conical hut; but she was not in darkness; for, as the sunbeams grew strong, she observed before her a circular hole in the snow, about two feet in length, and half a foot in diameter, running obliquely upwards. Through this the widow thrust her handkerchief, as a signal of distress, hanging it on one of the uppermost twigs of the thicket.

Not abandoning all hope of deliverance, and trusting yet that she should see her children again, she ruminated on the chances of life still remaining to her. Thus busied in thought, it occurred to her that a change in the moon was approaching, and having bought the new year's almanac at Wells, she, with great difficulty

took it from her frozen pocket, and found there would be a new moon the next day, February 6th. From this fact she derived great consolation, though the thought of what her children would suffer on missing her, brought with it infinite torment.

In her snow prison, however, the forlorn creature remained day after day, and night after night, perfectly distinguishing the alternation of light and darkness, and hearing the bells of her own village, about two miles distant, which rang in winter time at eight every evening. She could hear, moreover, the sound of carts and wagons on the road, the bleating of sheep, and the barking of dogs. One day she listened to a conversation between two gypsies about an ass they had lost; but though she tried to attract their notice by her cries, the wall of snow stifled her voice, and they passed on.

"I fear," murmured she to herself, "I am doomed to die in this snow cave. I am already in my grave! Alas! my poor children! what will become of you? how will your tender age struggle in this hard world?"

Feeling that she was approaching her end, her mind took a rapid retrospect of her life. She thought of her dead husband, and looked mournfully at the wedding-ring given to her on a day of happiness and bright anticipation. "This," said she, "will be buried with me; for my hand is so much swollen that any one who may find my body will not be able to get it off, unless—." And she sickened at the thought of mutilation.

A week had passed since the first day of the widow's imprisonment, during which she had been able just to keep soul and body together by eating snow. A thaw now took place; her clothes were wetted quite through; the aperture before mentioned became considerably enlarged; and she once more made an effort to release herself. But her strength was too much impaired: her feet and legs were no longer obedient to her will, and her garments, saturated with water, weighed her down. The frost, too, came on again, and the cave grew more rigid after its external surface had been melted. Her last chance had arrived, and it was of no avail. Utter despair took possession of her. She sat with her hands spread over her face, heaving deep sighs, and stupified with grief, pain, and exhaustion. Her breathing was short and difficult, and approaching dissolution became more and more manifest.

Who shall describe the dismay of the wretched children at the farm, as days passed on, and nothing was heard of their mother—no tidings even that her body had been found? Stephen, however, had not been idle during the week. He explored

the road day after day, and, accompanied by a neighbour, searched the huts of some gypsies who had encamped by the road side, and whom they suspected had robbed and murdered his mother. No portion of her clothes or other property being found among these vagrants, it occurred to Stephen that it would be advisable to leave the road, and examine the open fields; for though he had no longer the slightest hope of finding his mother alive, he was anxious that her corpse should not be the prey of birds or reptiles.

On the second Sunday, about half-past twelve at noon, he came near the spot where his parent was imbedded: her handkerchief still hung on the twigs: his quick eye caught it in an instant: he knew it, and perceiving the aperture in the mound, looked in, and saw his mother! The pulsation of his heart ceased; but, agitated, as he was, he could hear her low, faint moaning. Gasping for breath, he could just articulate, "Mother! mother! I am here, and will deliver you!"

With desperate hands he tore at the stubborn wall that enclosed her whom he sought, and made a breach sufficiently wide to permit him to enter.

"You, Stephen!" ejaculated the widow, as she fainted in her son's arms.

The youth had sufficient presence of mind not to remove her immediately into the open air; but telling the friend who had accompanied him to hasten to the village, procure a horse and cart and some blankets, and return with all possible speed, removed the frozen cloak from his mother's person, wrapped his own coat and waistcoat round her, and pressed her to his warm bosom. And thus they remained till effectual relief arrived. The sufferer was now enclosed in blankets, lifted gently into the cart, and revived with a small quantity of brandy.

"I have been a long time in that cave, Stephen," she said.

"Yes, dear, dear mother," replied the youth; "ever since Friday night."

"Ay," she rejoined, "Friday week." I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church."

"Do not exert yourself by speaking, mother; we shall soon be at home."

Medical aid was immediately procured; Mrs. Thorpe spoke to the surgeon with a voice tolerably strong, though hoarse; her hands and arms were sodden, and her legs and feet frost-bitten. By judicious treatment on the part of the surgeon, and affectionate nursing by her children, the widow, after long confinement to her bed, recovered from her injuries, though one of her feet, from the toes to the middle of the instep, was rigid and deformed for the rest of her life.

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## HYDROPATHY.\*

"WHAT is hydropathy?" we expect will be the question asked by many, after perusing the above title. The answer is, a system of curing all curable diseases incident to the human frame, by the agency of cold spring water, air, and exercise, alone. Such an allegation is startling enough, and was first received by ourselves with much distrust, living as we do in an age so fertile of imposture and pretension, of Mesmerism and mysticism. But we have taken pains to look into this system as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at an establishment he has founded and superintends for its application, at Gräfenberg, in Austrian Silesia; and should deem ourselves negligent of our duty did we not invite public attention to the subject. If the system is fallacious, the sooner it is exposed the better; but if effective, as its advocates affirm, then will its extension confer the greatest blessing on suffering mankind. All drugs are pronounced by Priessnitz to be poisonous, and all mineral springs to contain, not life, but death, in their waters. The horse or the ox which declines Harrogate water is wiser than man; nature has made the water nauseous to warn all animals against drinking it; the animal, therefore, which follows instinct, is right; the reasoning animal, man, is wrong. Apothecaries' Hall, our next-door neighbour, to which we have so often resorted for relief, and departed under a notion that we obtained it, now totters to a fall, on the fiat of a Silesian peasant, and his name will be most bitterly cursed, from Carlsbad to Cheltenham, by all the lodging-house keepers of every watering place from Ems to Harrogate, from Toplitz to Tonbridge Wells.

Pure cold spring water is the beverage to secure health and longevity, and its application in a variety of ways, both externally and internally, is declared by Priessnitz to be "the very best of physic." More than 7000 patients, labouring under the most complicated forms of acute and chronic disease, many of whose cases had been resigned in despair by able physicians, have received relief under the treatment of Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg. But we must now introduce him and his Silesian establishment more formally to our readers.

Vincent Priessnitz is the son of a small farmer, and was born on the land upon which his present establishment is placed. His father's humble means prevented Vincent from obtaining more than a very limited education, and the father's blindness in advanced life cast the management of the farm

upon the son. In the immediate neighbourhood there lived an old man who used to practise the water cure upon cattle, and it is supposed that from this source the young Priessnitz derived his first ideas of the subject. His first patient seems to have been himself, and rather marvellous is the narrative of events, given by Mr. Claridge, whose words we will quote:—

"Early in life, whilst engaged in hay-making, an accident which befel him was the principal cause of the dispensation of one of the greatest blessings to suffering humanity; he was kicked in the face by a horse, which knocked him down, and the cart passing over his body broke two of his ribs. A surgeon from Freiwalden being called in, declared that he never could be so cured as to be fit for work again. Having always possessed great presence of mind, and an unusual degree of firmness, the young Priessnitz, not being pleased with this prognostication of the doctor, and being somewhat acquainted already with the treatment of trifling wounds by the means of cold water, determined to endeavour to cure himself. To effect this, his first care was to replace his ribs, and this he did by leaning his abdomen with all his might against a table or a chair, and holding his breath, so as to swell out his chest. This painful operation was attended with the success he expected; the ribs being thus replaced, he applied wet cloths to the parts affected, drank plentifully of water, ate sparingly, and remained in perfect repose. In ten days he was able to go out, and at the end of a year he was again at his occupation in the fields."

The Silesian surgeon's notion, that a couple of broken ribs would disable a peasant boy for life, does not indicate much medical skill on his part; but if the above narrative is accurate, the facts disclose in the young Priessnitz those qualities of sagacity, firmness, self-possession, and patience, which are so essential for the constitution of the high medical character. The fame of Priessnitz' extraordinary cure soon spread around the neighbourhood, and brought patients begging his assistance and advice. He shortly became so famous, that the envy of the medical practitioners was awakened, and they denounced him to the authorities at Vienna as a dangerous empyric, whose quackery should be stopped by the strong arm of the law. It was alleged that the sponges and wet cloths which Priessnitz employed in the ablation of his patients were medicated with drugs more potent than pure spring water. Upon this denunciation, Aulic inspectors came to Gräfenberg to investigate; the sponges were decomposed, and nothing either worse or better than water was detected in their contents. After a searching examination,

\* Hydropathy, or the Cold-water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräfenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. T. Claridge, Esq.



the commission appointed by the Austrian government to inquire, found that the only agents employed by Priessnitz in effecting his cures were, cold water, air, and exercise, and were so convinced of the benefits derivable from his system, and its perfect safety to patients in the most advanced stages of disease, that on their report the most jealous government in Europe allowed Priessnitz to continue his operations. Those who came to punish remained to praise; and since that time, the hydropathist has been honoured by the friendship of many members of the Imperial family, and by distinguished individuals from every quarter of the Continent. In England the name of Priessnitz has only just been heard, and in the list of his patients for 1841 only two Englishmen are found, whereas there are 367 Austrians (the prophet *has* honour in his own country), and no fewer than 527 from Prussia. One of the English patients, we presume, is Mr. Claridge, who gives the following account of the hydropathic treatment to which he himself was subjected:—

"Having at last made up my mind to become one of Priessnitz' patients, I was prepared for his coming in the morning. The first thing that he did was to request me to strip and go into the large cold bath, where I remained two or three minutes. On coming out, he gave me instructions, which I pursued as follows:—At four o'clock in the morning, my servant folded me in a large blanket, over which he placed as many things as I could conveniently bear, so that no external air could penetrate. After perspiration commenced it was allowed to continue for an hour; he then brought a pair of straw shoes, wound the blanket close about my body, and in this state of perspiration I descended to a large cold bath, in which I remained three minutes, then dressed, and walked until breakfast, which was composed of milk, bread, butter, and strawberries (the wild strawberry in this country grows in abundance, from the latter end of May until late in October.) At ten o'clock, I proceeded to the douche, under which I remained four minutes, returned home, and took a sitz and foot-bath, each for fifteen minutes; dined at one o'clock.

"At four, proceeded again to the douche; at seven, repeated the sitz and foot-baths; retired to bed at half-past nine, previously having my feet and legs bound up in cold wet bandages. I continued this treatment for three months, and during that time walked about 1000 miles. Whilst thus subjected to the treatment I enjoyed more robust health than I had ever done before; the only visible effect that I experienced was an eruption on both my legs, but which, on account of the bandages, pro-

duced no pain. It is to these bandages, the perspiration, and the baths, that I am indebted for the total departure of my rheumatism."

The above is one specimen of hydropathic treatment; but a great variety of modes may be found in the volume, to which we refer those readers who desire fuller information on the subject. All these dressings and undressings, washings and rubbings and bandagings, this perpetual buttoning and unbuttoning, must be terribly irksome; but the fact of so many submitting to their infliction strongly indicates that benefits have been felt to flow from Priessnitz' operations, else would the irritable invalids, whom luxurious living had debilitated, never have endured it for a single week. Mr. Claridge enumerates the diseases which are curable by the hydropathic process, and among them may be found some of the most frequent and many of the most formidable which attack the human frame. Several cases of patients are given, but we have not space to recite them; we will, however, make an extract from a letter of Dr. Behrend, of Berlin, unfolding his views of Priessnitz' proceedings:—

"The new method of applying cold water in the cure of most diseases, internally and externally, was discovered by a peasant named Priessnitz, a man endowed with superior intelligence and extraordinary penetration. It has been in use for eight years, with the consent of the Austrian government, at Gräfenberg, a village in Austrian Silesia. The number of patients of all ranks of society during this year was more than 1,500 (not including fifty doctors). The village of Gräfenberg is already changed into a small town. The great success which Priessnitz has obtained, and still obtains every day, does not depend upon the quality or composition of the water, which is pure spring water, but on the new manner in which it is administered.

"Establishments have been already formed of the same nature at Breslaw, Brunswick, Dresden, Gotha, Bavaria, Cassell, &c.; there are two at Berlin, and a friend of mine is on the point of establishing one in some town or village of Belgium. After having seen such extraordinary success obtained by this hydiatic method—after having examined, without prejudice, the persons returning cured from Gräfenberg, many of whom were connexions of my own,—I went there with two other professional men in order to see with our own eyes. We stayed there six weeks, strictly examining the peasant Priessnitz' method.

"Practitioner as I am, of fifteen years' standing, and editor, for six years, of a medical journal, I was at first a little mis-

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trustful of this novelty, and compared it with many others whose authors pretended to reform the medical arts and who have completely vanished. But that which I saw with my own eyes at Gräfenberg and other similar establishments struck me, as it will you, with astonishment. I have seen asthmas and pleurisies completely cured in three or four days by cold water only. I have seen an old intermittent fever cured by cold water, without quinine or any other remedy than cold water. I have seen measles, scarlatina, smallpox, nervous fevers, rheumatism, scrofula, hernia, tracheitis, or complaints of the throat, gout, ringworm, syphilis, tic-doloureux, and other nervous affections; tumours in the glands, swelling of the heart, liver, and all effects of mercury, and many other diseases, cured by simple cold water, without the aid of any other remedy whatever; and in a comparatively shorter time and a more favourable manner for the constitution than could have been attained by any other means. Cold water is administered in all diseases, internally and externally, but the method of application is varied according to the individual and the case. Cold water serves sometimes as a revulsive and sometimes as a depressive agent, and in all these cases the efficacy of water is so clearly manifested that to doubt is impossible."

All this sounds marvellous and incredible, and will be long before it wins English belief; but Dr. Behrend is an experienced medical practitioner, who went to see and examine for himself, and he informs us that both the Austrian and Prussian governments are satisfied of the validity of Priessnitz' alleged powers of healing. True, he employs only one agent—water; but then he applies it in an almost infinite variety of ways, and is said to treat no two cases precisely alike. From his deficient education, and also, now, from the complete occupation of his time, it is quite hopeless that Priessnitz can transmit his knowledge to posterity by his pen. Disciples, therefore, must gather wisdom from his lips, or rather from a minute observation of his every act; for he is a man of few words, and retains all the simplicity of his early peasant life. His sagacity in detecting the very seat of disease is little short of the miraculous, if all we have read of him be true; but, allowing for the exaggeration of admirers, and he himself, simple man, is quite innocent of advertisement or puff, it must be very extraordinary. We hear that none of the establishments set up in imitation of him have as yet equalled their model. We should therefore advise a still more strict analysis of the Gräfenberg waters, to ascertain whether they may not be mineral after all. It is confidently affirmed that no water can be more free from

any mineral admixture or taint, as Priessnitz would call it, than that used at Gräfenberg—but let this point be put beyond all doubt. Priessnitz' honesty seems equal to his skill. He does not pretend to the possession of a panacea—he at once tells a patient whether he can cure him or not, and frequently rejects applications. Neither does he profess to restore the powers of nature, if extinguished by disease or a long course of irregular living. He says he can cure all curable diseases, and refresh powers impaired to a degree which many physicians would pronounce desperate.

It is no part of the task which we have prescribed ourselves in noticing the volume before us to advocate M. Priessnitz' system, nor can we go, in our belief of its efficacy, to the extent of his enthusiastic continental eulogists; but it certainly deserves investigation in this country, where, until very recently, its existence even was unknown. To speak of cold pure spring water as a medicine is, we are well aware, at once to raise a laugh or provoke a sneer, especially in this country, where a horror almost of cold water prevails. With rare exceptions, among the refined, a majority of even decent English men and women content themselves with washing their hands and faces twice a day in cold water, and their feet once a week in warm. All the other portions of the skin, which has such important functions to discharge in our animal economy, is left neglected. The nations of antiquity with one common consent used baths and ablutions of the whole person. The Spartans strung their nerves for Thermopylae by a daily bath in the Eurotas; and among the Romans the current proverb, "*Nec degere nec natare didicet*," shews how habitual was the use of water with them. If we direct our observation to a modern nation, the Turks, we may perceive the benefits derivable from daily ablutions. Indigestion is but little known among the Turks, and yet no people on earth do more to induce it. On one day a Turk will dine on cucumber and cheese, the next he will gorge himself from a dozen greasy dishes; for three months together he will be twelve hours a day on horseback, and for the ensuing three months he will, perhaps, scarcely stir from his sofa; and yet it is rare to meet a dyspeptic Turk. With such habits, how can we account for this fact? We attribute the Turk's exemption from dyspepsia to the daily ablution which his religion prescribes.

But the direct application of cold water to the cure of diseases is not so great a novelty as some of Priessnitz' admirers appear to imagine. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, prescribes cold water for the treatment of the most serious diseases; Celsus and Galen recommend its use in

both sickness and health, and we could give a long list of writers who have adopted the same views. We may mention that nearly a century ago, in 1747, John Wesley published a book entitled, *Primitive Physic; or, an Easy and Natural Method of Curing most Diseases*, in which he gives his opinion that water properly applied will cure almost every disease which flesh is heir to. The founder of Methodism was not a physician, but he was a shrewd observer, and the valuable little work to which we have alluded is full of excellent advice, of which a regular practitioner need not be ashamed. But simple remedies do not suit this luxurious generation, they long for what is elaborate and costly; they are willing to "do some great thing," but when merely told to "wash and be clean," like Naaman the Syrian, they turn away from the river in a rage.—*Abridged from the Times.*

### The Gatherer.

*French and Belgian Piracies of English Works.*—The attention of the legislature and of the government is loudly called to the subject of foreign invasion of British copyright, which is daily increasing to a most serious extent. To take the most recent instance:—Mr. Warren's tale of *Ten Thousand a Year*, after having been first published, during nearly two years, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was thoroughly revised, and in many parts entirely rewritten, by the author; and though three times the length of Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley*, was published, about Christmas last, in three vols. post 8vo, closely printed, price 1l. 11s. 6d., at a considerable sacrifice. It has had a very large sale, but has had to encounter a serious obstacle in the French and Belgian editions, in the English language, published at Brussels, and by Galignani at Paris, which have been poured into this country to an extent of many thousands of copies, in two thick 12mo volumes, sold for four or five shillings. These are all mere reprints from the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and one moment's comparison of them with the authentic English separate edition will demonstrate the injury thus done, not only to the author and publisher's pecuniary interests, but to the literary reputation of the former, and to the British public, on whom is palmed off a vastly inferior edition of a very celebrated and successful work. To such an extent is this carried, that we positively know of circulating libraries and private book clubs, both in town and country, to say nothing of great numbers of private persons, to whom these foreign editions have been disposed of easily, and as a matter of course. We understand that the

attention of Parliament is to be speedily called to this subject, with a view to either altering the law, or at least securing a rigid enforcement of the existing law. It is well known that Mr. Murray suffered to a tremendous extent by the French editions of Lord Byron's works surreptitiously introduced into this country. Our French and other foreign friends forget that they have nothing, as our publishers have, to pay to the author!—*Publishers' Circular.*

*Irish Milestones.*—A stranger riding along the road, observed that all the milestones were turned in a particular way, not facing the road, but rather averted from it. He called to a countryman, and inquired the reason. "O, bless you, Sir," replied the man, "the wind is so strong sometimes in these parts, that if we weren't to turn the backs of the milestones to it, the figures would be blown off them, clear and clean."—*Morning Herald.*

*Preparation for Death.*—The convict Delahunt, who was lately executed in Dublin, amused himself a short time previous with making mouse-traps and catching mice! This fact is mentioned in a letter from a gentleman who had visited him in the prison. Can the convict be in a sound state of mind?

*St. Marylebone Bank for Savings.*—The twelfth annual general meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the 17th of this month, at the office, No. 76, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the Rev. J. H. Spry, D.D., in the chair. It appeared from the several reports read to the meeting, that the progress of this bank continues to be of a very rapid description; no less than 2512 new deposits having been made in the last year; 13,004 deposit accounts remained open on the 20th of November last, of which no less than 8382 held balances averaging less than 4l. 12s. 1d. each. Upwards of 266,407l. was then invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; this amount has since risen to 269,707l., and is rapidly on the advance. The evidence this affords of the strong and growing disposition of the working classes to provide against the casualties of life, will prove a source of gratification to all reflecting minds.

*Curious Coincidences.*—In Lloyd's list of Jan. 24th, 1842, it is announced that the "John Calvin," Captain Knox, sailed for Bombay. Also, on Jan. 29th, the "Romeo" and the "Juliet," each entered outwards for Calcutta.—T. S. S.

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